



DIABOLIA D,

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P O E M.

DEDICATED TO THE
W O R S T M A N
I N

HIS MAJESTY'S DOMINIONS.

A NEW EDITION.

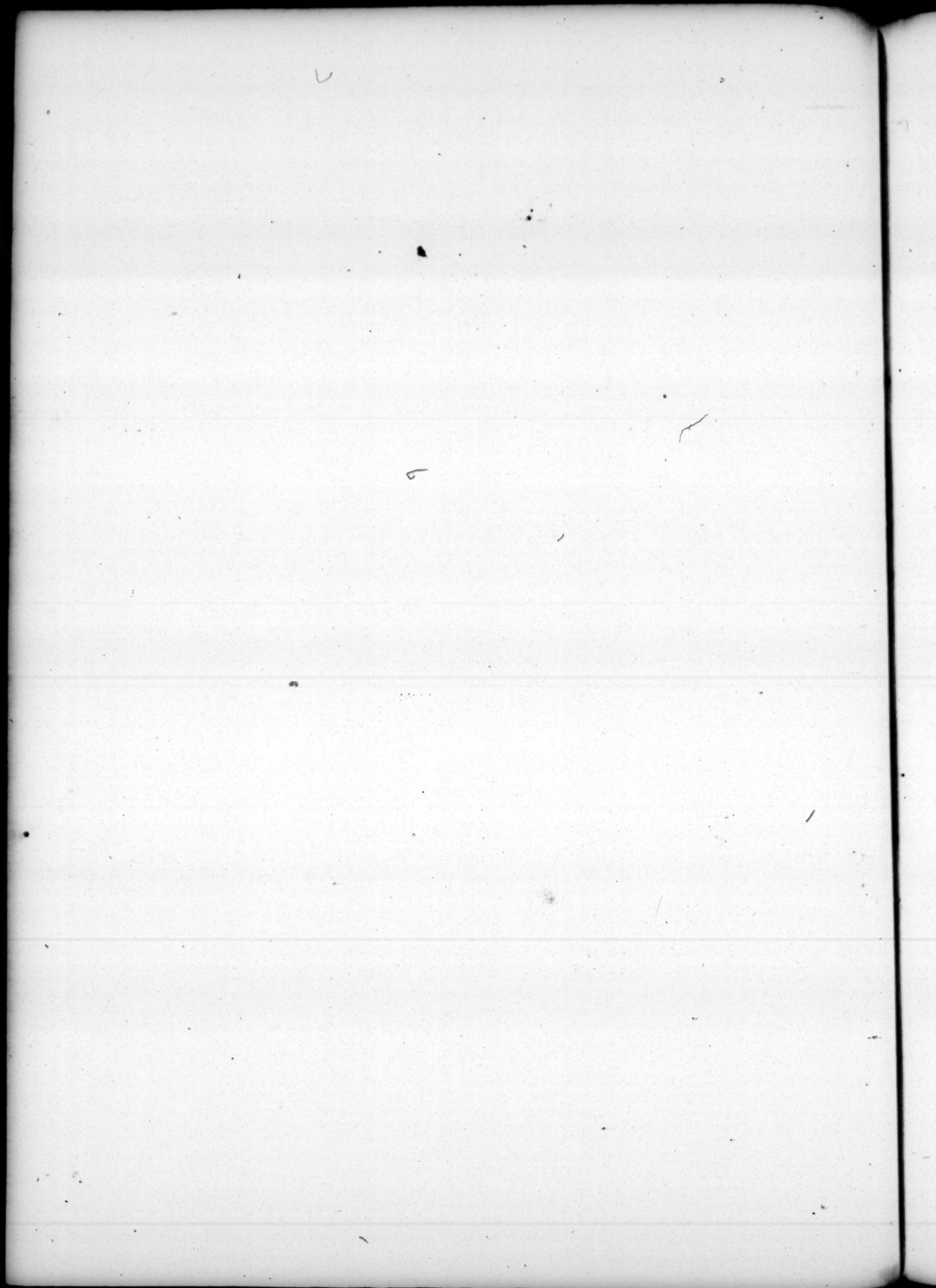
TO REIGN IS WORTH AMBITION, THO' IN HELL!—

MILTON.

L O N D O N :

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MDCLXXVII.



DEDICATION

TO THE

WORST MAN

IN

HIS MAJESTY'S DOMINIONS.

MY LORD,

I HAVE not the honour of being acquainted with your Lordship; and as I do not wish there should be any attempt to violate my property, to estrange the affections of my wife, to seduce my daughter, or corrupt my son; it is a matter of real satisfaction to me, that I have not formed any connections with you.

To address you, my Lord, in the name you derived from your Ancestors, would be treating you in common with those who have no titles to distinguish
a them

them from the herd of ordinary men. The most eminent Bards, Orators, Philosophers, and Statesmen, have felt greater delight, and received an higher fame from titles characteristic of their excellence, than imperial favour could bestow. Does not Mr. *Garrick's* character, my Lord, derive an honour from the application of those titles he so well deserves, the *Reformer of the Stage*, the *Great Theatrical Example*, the *British Actor*, &c. &c. with which his particular name has no more to do, than any other which has been used for the purposes of social distinction? If I were to quote to your Lordship an opinion of *Solomon's*, you might, perhaps, imagine him to be a Jew-broker, a near relation, a familiar servant, or a Character in a Comedy; but when I mention a saying of the *Wise Man*, your Lordship will immediately perceive, by this distinguishing characteristic appellation, that I mean no less a personage than *the King of Israel*. How faint does *General*, *Sir Jeffery*, or even *Lord Amherst* sound, when compared with the *Conqueror of America*! And how insipid is the title of *General*, *Sir William*, or even *Lord Howe*, on a comparison with the *Re-conquerors of it*,—should the wishes of Great Britain be completed!

Cicero and many others among the Antients owed their names to some personal peculiarity or defect, and the misfortune of bandy legs gave a well-known title to one of our own Monarchs. I do not know, my Lord, that Nature has been guilty of any inattention to your form; and if she had, it would not have concerned me, who look to the mind as the best source of name and title. Though, if I had time, and it were to the purpose, we might find it matter of curious speculation to enquire, why the poorest and most ignoble man on earth, if capricious Nature has placed a hunch upon his back, should be honoured with the same title as your Lordship, and without the formalities of a Royal Patent.

But to proceed.—The bulk of mankind, who are incapable of nice observation, and to whom, if they were capable, it would be useless, look not to the more intermediate state of human character; but, passing at once to the extremes, fix their attention on the Best and Worst of Men. Your Lordship need not, therefore, be afraid, that you will escape that celebrity which I mean to bestow

bestow by this Dedication. However, not to omit any thing which may produce your conviction, I shall beg leave, my Lord, to acquaint you, that many years ago, when mankind in general were not so enlightened and informed, more particularly with respect to character, as they are at present, a Letter was published, addressed *To the Most Impudent Man Living*; a title far more vague and indeterminate than that which I have done myself the honour of giving to your Lordship. Nevertheless, the public eye immediately discovered to whom this poor performance, for it was a very poor one, was addressed, though he was sheltered, where one would think impudence could not find a shelter, in the bosom of the Church.

There are many in the world, who think the perfection of their abilities to consist in making their vices the means of attracting the notice of mankind. Your Lordship's own heart will tell you, 'that you are one of the number; and surely you will think all further reasoning on this subject nugatory and impertinent, when I assure you, my Lord, that your success has been equal to your wishes.

However, if you are not convinced by my arguments; and the propriety of that title which my pen has bestowed upon you should be a matter of doubt in your Lordship's breast; will you, my Lord, do me the favour to travel a few lines farther, and hear my excuses for the liberty I have taken? You will therefore pardon me, if I am now obliged to turn from so important an object as Lord ———, to so inconsiderable an Individual as myself.

I was not born to refine and polish my own Compositions! The long habit of making rapid sketches of men and things, has rendered me wholly incapable of filling up an Outline with those effectual masses of light and shade, and that happy, harmonious mixture of colours, which distinguish the work of judicious application. I know, my Lord, that I am a careless Writer: The inaccuracies of this Address, and the pages which succeed it, will, I fear, fully prove my assertion. Nevertheless I feel a self-complacency resulting from this performance, unlaboured as it may be, which I am sure your Lordship would wish me to possess as my solace and my reward. This satisfaction,

tion, therefore, I cannot suffer to be diminished, nor my allowable vanity to be mortified, by prefixing a name to my work which is to be continually seen in the annual pages of the *blushing* Register, and which you never suffer to be erased from the Journals of your Tradesmen.

I am, my Lord, with due respect,

Your Lordship's sincere Friend,

* * * * *

T H E

T H E
D I A B O L I A D.

T H E DEVIL, grown old, was anxious to prepare
A fit Successor for the Infernal Chair.

At length, he summon'd forth his Chosen Band ;

And thus the Monarch gave his last command :

“ Expand your fable wings, and speed to Earth !

“ To every Knave of Power, and Imp of Birth,

B

“ Statef-

“ Statesmen and Peers, these welcome tidings tell,

“ That I resolve to quit the Throne of HELL:

“ But, ere I cease to reign, ’twill be my care

“ From my dear Children to elect an Heir.

“ For this important end, I now proclaim,

“ And swear by SATAN’s high and mighty name,

“ That ere the posting Sun’s resplendent ray

“ Dawns on the Upper World another day,

“ With all terrific pomp, I will appear

“ On the dark, ebon Throne of HELL, to hear

“ The Claimants of its honours each display

“ Their titles—to my proud, imperial sway.

“ This purpose let my favourite Mortals know,

“ And give them convoy to my realms below.”

They heard, and instant soar’d upon the wind;

The Infernal Regions soon were left behind.

By whirlwinds borne, they urge the rapid flight,

Till, gently fluttering round the giddy height

Of PAUL’s black, footy Dome, they unobserv’d alight.

In strict Obedience to their King's command,
 The human shape assum'd, along the STRAND
 They bend their course, to where the *Scaffold* stood
 That whilom smok'd with streams of royal blood :
 And where, I trust, if Tyrant Kings succeed
 To spurn our sacred Laws,—those Kings shall bleed.

Here they disperse :—Some take their fav'rite way
 To those fam'd mansions—where the Sons of Play
 By trick and rapine share a base reward ;
 Shake the false dye, and pack the ready card :
 In solemn tone their errand they proclaim,
 Their high commission, and their Sovereign's name.

With joy and wonder struck, the Parties rise !
 “ Hell is worth trying for,” F***** cries ;
 Pigeons are left unpluck'd, the game unplay'd,
 And F—— forgets the certain Bett he made ;
 E'en S--l--n feels Ambition fire his breast,
 And leaves, half-told, the fabricated Jest.

Well—

Well-pleas'd, th' Infernal Ministers resume
 Their real forms, and through the midnight gloom,
 On wide-stretch'd wings, the eager Claimants bore
 To the dank darkness of the Stygian shore.
 The rest of Hell's industrious Band resort
 To the corrupted Purlieu of the Court ;
 To lure the Statesman from his deep-lay'd scheme,
 To wake the Courtier from his golden dream,
 And make the C—b—l—n desire to hold
 Hell's weighty Sceptre,—for 'tis made of gold.
 Sure he'd resign for such a tempting fee !
 HELL's Sceptre far outweighs the Golden Key !
 But cautious * * * * * shrinks, when risks are run,
 And leaves such Honours for his ELDEST SON.

Now prowling onwards to the noisome caves
 Where PROSTITUTION rules her needy slaves,
 They tempt the Lordling, by Ambition's charms,
 From the rank pleasures of a Harlot's arms ;

Then,

Then, with the Mortal Croud, they bend their flight
 To the dark realms of everlasting Night,
 Lords of the Chamber,—Ministers of State,
 With Sons of Lords, and Hirelings of the Great ;
 Men whom the Villain only loves, the Worthy hate ;
 Follow'd by Pimps, Bawds, Parasites and Whores,
 In crouds, approach'd Hell's adamantine doors.

As they came onward, MERCURY the gay *
 With lively greetings met them on the way ;
 He was the brisk Sir *Clement Cotterell* of the day.

The

* If the Orthodox Critic should here observe, that I have thrown a slight upon *his* Devil, by introducing so great an Heathen as *Mercury* to his employment, he will discover, when he lowers his eyes to this part of the page, that I have made the observation before him.—But if, according to some of the antient Christian Fathers, his *Satanic Majesty* was supposed, for his own private ends, to concern himself with the Heathen Oracles, Sybils and Pythoneffes, I may, surely, under their respectable authority, make him have occasional recourse to another of the same family, without the least degradation. Besides, I had not one of the Rabbinical Writers within my reach, while I was writing this Poem, to give me the name of SATAN's Gentleman Usher : so that, to save myself trouble, which I at all times hate and detest, I borrowed an acquaintance from the

The winged God thrice wav'd his magic wand !
 The massive doors acknowledg'd his command ;
 And, to the Claimants wond'ring Eyes display'd
 SATAN in all his gloomy pomp array'd.
 High, in his throne, on golden columns rear'd,
 The venerable King of Hell appear'd.
 In his right hand a weighty mace he bore,
 And on his brow a regal crown he wore ;
 Begirt around with spiral flames, which shed
 A silver lustre o'er his aged head.
 Beneath the Throne, arrang'd in order, sat
 The long-establish'd Council of the State.
 In every hand the flaming torches wave,
 And cast their splendor through th' imperial cave.

Grecian Poets.—Again, if my Critic will but consider of whom the troop consisted which received safe-conduct from this winged guide, he must esteem *Mercury*, who is, (Heathenly speaking) the presiding Genius of rogues, sharpers, &c. as properly introduced to be their conductor.—And as an Orthodox Critic must consider all such in the light of Heathens, my application to the Pagan Mythology will not appear so *mal à propos* as he at first imagined.

High

High in the vault the fiery Dragons shone,
 And Monsters, whose dire shape was never known
 To mortal fantasy,—when, Reason flown,
 Fear fills the mind with spectres of her own.
 With flaky flames the distant region glow'd,
 Whose angry light, in all their horrors, shew'd
 Those fields of fire where guilty Spirits dwell,
 And in loud ceaseless shrieks their anguish tell,
 Nor respite know :—Hope cannot enter there,
 To calm their sorrows or to soothe despair.

With horrid clangor now the clarion sounds ;
 Through the dark dome the jarring thunder bounds.
 Then rose the King ;—and all th' Infernal Crowd
 With threefold reverence to their Monarch bow'd.
 Throughout the Court the expecting murmur ran,
 But soon was hush'd ;—when SATAN thus began.

“ Thousands of years have pass'd since, first, I fell
 “ Into the deep abyss of flaming Hell ;

“ And

“ And many an age since my Almighty Foe
“ Gave me dominion in these realms below.
“ Ambition’s Slave, from Heaven I was hurl’d
“ Down to the depths of this Infernal World.
“ Tho’ Heaven was lost, Ambition still possess’d
“ Its darling Empire in my haughty breast.
“ My Tribes, with fruitless expectation chear’d,
“ And Patriot zeal, this gloomy palace rear’d,—
“ Here fix’d my Throne,—here form’d my awful state,
“ And to my will resign’d their future fate.
“ But, cloy’d with power, my Ambition’s o’er ;
“ The boasted charms of Empire are no more !
“ Hear then, my Children, hear your Sire declare,
“ Of Hell’s dominions He shall be the Heir,
“ Whose past life bore the most obdurate crimes ;
“ Who gave new vigour to degenerate times ;
“ False to his God, who every Law defy’d,
“ Thief, Traytor, Hypocrite and Parricide ;
“ Let him who claims these Titles as his own,
“ Come forward, prove his claim,—and take the crown.”

The

The Monarch ceas'd—— * * * * foremost stood ;
 And wav'd his hand to hush the murmuring croud.
 Then graceful bow'd around ; but, ere he spoke,
 SATAN again the awful silence broke :

“ Well-meaning Youth ! thy great and noble aim
 “ Deserves remembrance in the rolls of Fame !
 “ But know, for to thyself 'tis yet unknown,
 “ These Characters of Ill thou canst not own.
 “ Within the deep recesses of thy breast
 “ The pregnant seeds of many a virtue rest.
 “ Now baneful passions do their place supply,
 “ And check their progress to maturity.
 “ The feverish ardor of disastrous Game
 “ Burns with a furious, unrelenting flame ;
 “ And daily seeks to quench its parching thirst
 “ By deeds esteem'd the noblest and the first
 “ In Hell's black Calendar.—The foul design
 “ To make another's wealth, by treachery, thine ;

"To charm, with pleasing arts, the artless Heir
 "To call thee friend,—then lay th' unerring snare,
 "Pocket his fleeting gold,—and leave him to despair.
 "But I, who every distant Age can see,
 "Whose keen look kens the vast Futurity,
 "Ill-pleas'd thy alter'd character behold,
 "No more by hungry Appetites controll'd;
 "From every hateful vice and passion free,
 "Lov'd by the Gods above,—and lost to me!
 "Farewell!—Thy well-meant efforts will be vain!
 "Cherubs attend to bear thee back again!"

In order due, VOLPONE next appear'd;
 Loose was his hair, unshaven was his beard:
 O'er his whole face was spread a yellow hue,
 Borrow'd, perhaps, from some relenting Jew
 Not anxious to be paid.—Gold he had none;
 Th' inverted pocket told that all was gone.

But

But ere he made his claim to Hell's rewards,
His right hand wav'd aloft the fatal Cards.
Then, smiling, thus he spoke :—" All-gracious Power !
" Who from my natal to the present hour,
" Didst o'er my life, with fostering care, preside,
" My Friend, my Guardian, and my faithful Guide !
" How weak the task my actions to review !
" You know them all, dread Sir, they sprung from You !
" And now, I trust, tis You alone suggest
" The great, determin'd purpose of my breast,
" To try my chance, at this important hour,
" And *stake my Soul* against your sov'reign power—
" Who wins have both."—" Thy soul's already mine,"
SATAN replied :—" And I this day assign
" Thy earthly duty.—Hence, begone, to bait,
" With mastiff zeal,—a Minister of State."

Poor C——— dismiss'd, next comes a noble Peer :
Grooms, Pimps, and Link-boys, give the triple cheer,

His

His right hand bore a Horse-shoe and a Bit ;
 His left, a Book by A—— writ ;
 To whose fair pages—anxious after fame,
 His Lordship ventur'd to prefix his name.
 A Wife complain'd that matrimonial dues
 Were nightly wasted in the wanton stews ;
 A friend lamented how he was beguil'd,
 And mourn'd a ruin'd and forsaken Child ;
 While two attendant Parsons boldly swore,
 They never wanted—but he paid the Whore :
 Then loud proclaim'd his knowledge in the wiles
 Of drabby *Drury* and of low *St. Giles*.
 E'en Saint-like *GODBY* blasts her eyes, and swears,
 * * * * *'s the most abandon'd of his Peers *.

His

* This noble person, verging to that time of life when he may say of the Brothels,
 " I myself have no pleasure in them," is fond of introducing Gentlemen of the Black
 Cloth and Character into these places, where he enjoys the contemplation of their
 pleasures, and pays for them.—Mrs. *Godby*'s piety suffers very much upon these occa-
 sions, and can only be equalled by his L * * * * *'s refinement, which is so universally
 known, that I expect every day to hear of its being snug in a proverb.

It

His Vouchers done, with smiler on his cheek
 He silent stood ;—for * * * * * cannot speak ;
 When the sage Council, with one voice, declare—
 “ Rough-riders would disgrace *a regal Chair*.”

Without one Virtue that can grace a name ;
 Without one Vice that e'er exalts to Fame ;
 The despicable * * * * * next appears,
 His bosom panting with its usual fears :
 He strives in vain,—and fruitless proves the art,
 To hide, with vacant smile, the treacherous heart.
 The faithful HARRY * stands not by his side,
 His learned Counsel, and his constant guide ;

Who

It is not impossible that the scene of the two M——ly ——ts, Father and Son, may be acted over again and again, when a certain young Nobleman returns from his travels.

Godby's Nocturnals, p. 116.

N. B. The manuscript from which this last note is taken, will make its appearance in due time, and unfold some transactions which the world little thinks of.

* This young Nobleman's character is, in every respect, a striking contrast to his —— ; but the following Anecdote will give a very strong explanation of my idea concerning him.—When Mr. C—— F—— proposed him to be elected into one of the fashionable clubs, he was almost universally black-balled. Mr. F——, who *at that*

E

time

Who for an hard-earn'd, narrow competence,
 Supplies his tongue with words, his head with sense †.
 At length, recovered from his huge affright,
 He, stammering, reads the Speech he did not write :

“ Curst with hereditary love of pelf,
 “ I hate all human beings but myself ;
 “ Cross and perplex my wife, because she prov'd,
 “ Poor girl !—not rich enough to be belov'd.

time had great interest there, was much surprised that his friend should be thus rejected : But as he concluded, and not without reason, that the universal disgust in which the family of his Friend was held had prevented his success, he proposed him again, with a declaration, on his honour, that Mr. * * * * had not one quality in common with any of his family. The event justified Mr. F —'s penetration, on the second Ballot not a single black-ball appeared against his friend. — This Anecdote has been asserted to me as a fact : But be that as it may, the principle of it is founded in truth, and serves the purpose of doing justice to a most amiable Character, whose great merit the Author of these pages, who sincerely loves him, is glad to attest.

† It is not uncommon for an avaricious Father to saddle a younger Brother for a maintenance on the elder, especially if he has a place. And if the latter should possess an hereditary baseness, he will carry on the spirit of *conditionalizing*, and insist that the former shall, in return, give him the use of his understanding. It too often happens that elder brothers want spirit and understanding, and that younger ones who have both in an eminent degree, stand in need of a provision. It is hard that Worth and Genius should be so situated ! but this is among the fore evils under the Sun !

“ But

“ But all return my hate :—where’er I go,
“ My coward eye beholds a ready foe.
“ And tho’ to Earth’s extremes my feet I bend,
“ These arms would ne’er embrace a real friend.
“ When my breast throbs with unrelenting grief,
“ No friendly Spirits bring the kind relief.
“ If I sink down beneath oppressing pain,
“ Surrounding foes rejoice as I complain.
“ I’m scoff’d by those, who from my hand have prov’d
“ That kindness would make *another* lov’d ;
“ Men, who to other Patrons bend their knee,
“ Are proud of their Ingratitude to me.
“ Thus, without Friends on earth, I humbly sue
“ To find, my gracious Liege, a Friend in you.
“ *Hated by all*,—I’m fit to be allied
“ To your Imperial State !”——The King replied :

“ If vacant smiles and hypocritic air
“ Could form pretensions to this sov’ reign Chair ;

“ If

“ If my pale Crown by *meanness* could be won,
 “ Who’d have so fair a claim as * * * * *’s Son?
 “ But meanness is a vice which Devils disdain!
 “ Should’st thou attempt, base Mortal, here to reign,
 “ To wield this Sceptre,—and to wear my Crown;
 “ Th’ infernal Host would rise to cast thee down,
 “ With furious zeal, where outcast Spirits lie,
 “ In the dark dens of gnashing Infamy.
 “ Such minds as thine,—Observe the truth I tell!
 “ *Find neither Friends on Earth,—nor Friends in Hell.*
 Appall’d the hapless Lordling sneak’d away,
 And Harpies hiss’d him to the realms of Day *.

The

* Several of my friends who were kind enough to approve, and, indeed, enforce the publication of this little Work, seemed to think that I had frustrated my intention of marking the insignificance of this Character, by giving so many lines to the delineation of it. But as the bold strokes are more easily imitated than the finer pencillings of nature, those colourless bad qualities which have not sufficient strength or spirit to rise into daring, manly vice, require a great length of description to impress them properly on the attention of the Reader. Indeed, it is my serious opinion, that this man’s life would be a profitable lesson to the world, to prove, that *meanness* of *spirit*, though unaccompanied by any bold, open violations of virtue, will ever be more contemptible obnoxious, and distressing, than any of those public vices which are seldom wholly unconnected

The murmurs hush'd,—the Herald straight proclaim'd
S--L--N the witty next in order nam'd.

But He was gone to hear the dismal yells
Of tortur'd Ghosts and suffering Criminals.
Tho' summon'd thrice, he chose not to return,
Charm'd to behold the crackling Culprits burn.

connected with some sort of principle, and often originate from the same source with many virtues. The ebullitions of youth, the spur of necessity, the prevalence of example may hurry to enormities. In these cases, however, the cause is not always difficult to be removed, and frequently removes itself. The effects will then cease, and honour and virtue return.

But a mean spirit, as in this example, is a low, sneaking, base, fixed propensity to what is bad, which it loves; and yet is compelled by its fears to assume the semblance of good, which it hates. It is wholly incorrigible, and attends the Character it has once possessed through every degree of station and of life; and is very seldom or never known to rise into momentary courage or spirit; unless suicide, to which it has sometimes applied for a dismissal from universal contempt, may be considered as examples of them.

But this subject, which I have already extended beyond the limits of a note, shall be considered in a separate publication, illustrated and proved by anecdotes of the Character before me when he was at School, the University, in France, Ireland, Warwickshire, and London; as a School-boy, a Collegian, a Traveller, a Secretary, a Militia-commander, a Husband, and so on to the present times,—with collateral relations.

With GEORGE, all know Ambition must give place,
When there's an *Execution* in the case *.

Then in Succession came a Peer of words,
Well known, — and *honour'd* in the *House of Lords*,

* I would not be guilty of injustice to any Character. *George* does not want humanity! nay, he has an uncommon portion of this virtue: it extends even to the *gallows*; and is well known to have bedewed his cheeks with tears at the lamentable fate of that *pious personage*, commonly called, *Sixteen-String Jack*. And I may venture to assert, that he never saw a man hang'd in his life but, when the *sport was over*, he would have been really happy to have restored him to life. It requires a kind of knowledge which everybody does not possess, to reconcile the apparent contradictions in the human character. However, I shall not, at present, enter further upon the subject than to observe, that there are certain propensities in the mind, which, being long indulged, become irresistible, and stand between Men and their best interests. All the World knows that Mr. S — is attached to gaming, and that when he games, he wishes to win. And there are many will tell you, that this love of play, when it has taken root, becomes the leading, if not the sole, propensity of the human breast. But in the Character before me, there is an evident example of two leading propensities in the same mind, which, upon certain occasions, form a spirit of accommodation, and blend with each other. This very Gentleman, though he had made a very considerable bett that he should not be at a certain execution, was, notwithstanding, discovered to be actually present at the *spectacle*, dressed like an old woman, in a joseph and bonnet, and seated on horseback, &c. &c. This is a twofold irresistible propensity! Nevertheless, *George* is a man of humanity.

Whose

Whose Eloquence all Parallel defies !
 So SANDWICH says, and SANDWICH never lies.
 No doubt, the partial Earl delights to see,
 In this young Lord, his own Epitome.
 Behind him came, in Regimentals drest,
 The brazen *Gorget* hanging on his breast,
 Th' obsequious Cousin, ready to obey,
 Whate'er might be the business of the day.
 With solemn look the conscious Peer began
 Thus to address the *Military Man*.

" Friend, Cousin, Pimp, or by whatever name
 " You would be *blasted* by the trump of Fame,
 " Approach, and lend me now unusual aid !
 " You, my brave Soldier, never are afraid,
 " But when the critic brows of Ladies frown :
 " With thy assistance, I shall mount the Throne ;
 " And then, to thee, my Coz, these Powers shall bend,
 " Their Monarch's favourite Counsellor and Friend.

" Oft

“ Oft at thy curious vice I’ve stood amaz’d,
 “ While *half-fledg’d Subalterns*, with wonder, gaz’d.
 “ Of you, their sage *Lieutenant*, *Ensigns* learn
 “ The weakness of all Virtue to discern!
 “ You fill their brains with Honour and Renown;
 “ And teach them how to live—*upon the Town*;
 “ To whore, to bully, to blaspheme, to game,
 “ To scorn the boyish blush and honest shame;
 “ And having vers’d them in each common evil,
 “ Lead them to Masques to personate the Devil:
 “ Their grateful Parents will your pains requite,
 “ And fill the Boxes on an Author’s Night.

“ ’Twas you unlock’d a pious Parent’s doors
 “ For Panders, Gamesters, Whores, and Sons of Whores;
 “ And, with uncommon filial duty blest,
 “ Sent her from Hell on earth, in Heaven to rest.

“ But to my purpose.—In the world above,
 “ Bound by resembling characters and love,

“ We

“ We liv’d together, and together stray’d
“ In Vice’s public walk and secret shade.
“ I found thee apt in every artful wile,
“ Proud to defame, and eager to beguile.
“ Whene’er I sigh’d to practise a Deceit,
“ In thee, my Coz, I found the ready Cheat.
“ Whene’er I wanted Falsehood to supply
“ The place of Truth,—you found the ready Lie.
“ When, to give spirit to some tedious hour,
“ I wish’d to see the Pedant Parson lower,
“ To make the Simple stare, the Virtuous sigh,—
“ Your tongue pour’d forth the ready Blasphemy.
“ But now the scene is chang’d; that farce is o’er,
“ And e’en your Falsehood will assist no more.
“ Start not at what I say,—well-temper’d Youth!
“ Be not alarm’d,—you now must speak the truth.
“ Look not so pale, ’twill suit your nature well;
“ You *ly’d on earth*, and you *speake truth in Hell*.”

This cheer’d him much, and made his cheeks to glow,
And sav’d his bosom from the threat’ning woe;

Which when his Lordship saw, in haughty tone
He thus laid claim to the Infernal Throne :

“ Is there a guilty deed I have not done ?
“ What say you, Coz ?” The Captain answer’d, “ None !”
“ Have I not whor’d myself, and made thee whore ?
“ Confirm it with an oath !”—The Captain swore.
“ Have I not acted every Villain’s part ?
“ Have I not broke a Noble Parent’s heart ?
“ By deeds of ill have I not seem’d to live ?”
The Captain gave a bold affirmative.
“ Do I not daily boast, how I’ve betray’d
“ The tender Widow, and the virtuous Maid ?
“ These serious crimes you know, and many more :
“ Swear, Sir !”—By *Egypt’s Queen* the Captain swore !
(The Queen who lur’d him to disgrace his Cloth,
And gave him bread, now serv’d him for an oath).

But as he spoke, there issued from the crowd,
***** the base, the cruel, and the proud ;

Prinham

And

And eager cried, " I boast superior claim
 " To Hell's dark Throne, and * * * * * is my name.
 " What, shall that stripling Lord contend with me?
 " I have four Sons as old and bad as he!
 " Whate'er he swears, I'll swear—he says, I'll say!
 " And look, All-gracious King, *my hairs are grey!*"

Th' astonish'd Demons on each other gaz'd,
 And SATAN's self sat silent and amaz'd;
 Revolving, in his dubious mind, the state
 And crimes of each aspiring Candidate;
 When clanking chains and doleful shrieks were heard,
 And injur'd * * * * * 's raving Ghost appear'd*:
 His bosom heav'd with many a torturing sigh,
 And bloody streams gush'd forth from either eye.

* See the *Letters of Junius*, where that able Writer has observed, with his usual spirit and good sense, upon this guilty transaction. *Junius* felt for human nature, and would not suffer his pen to trace all the particulars of it. To degrade the Criminal, they should be remembered; but for the sake of humanity, they had better be forgotten.

With piteous look he did a Tale unfold,
 Black with such horrid deeds, that, being told,
 Hell's craggy vaults with Acclamations ring,
 And joyful shouts of — "***** shall be King!"

F I N I S

